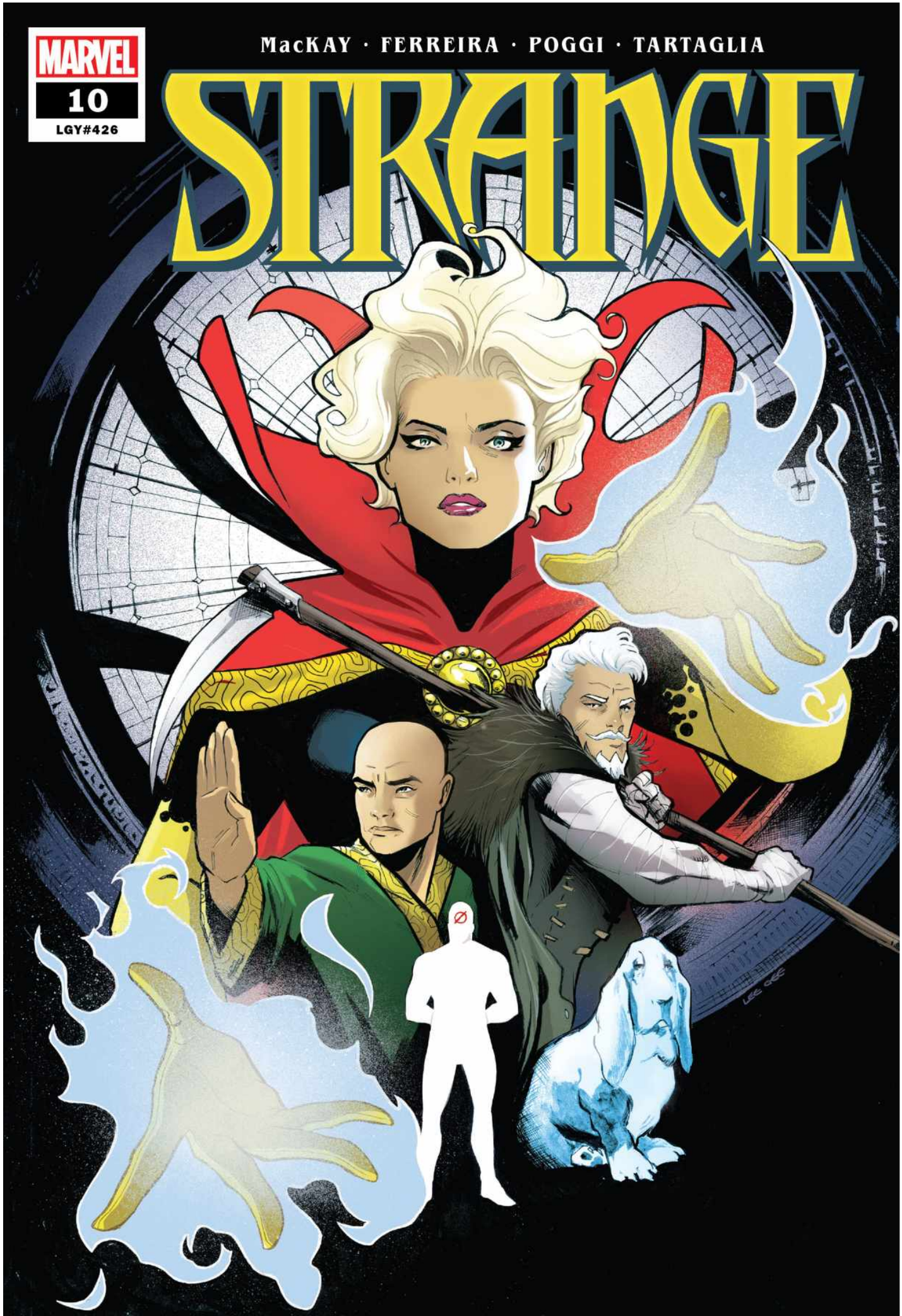
MARVEL
10
LGY#426
MacKAY · FERREIRA · POGGI · TARTAGLIA
STRANGE

CARLOS PACHECO
1961-2022

"My friend Carlos Pacheco was a sweetheart of a guy who loved comics, the Marvel comics that he read as a child most of all. He brought an enthusiasm to his work that went beyond the drive of the professional — he was truly invested in the characters and their fictitious lives. His work combined the dynamics of John Byrne with the realism of Neal Adams, creating a synthesis that captured the essence of American super hero comics — a form that was exotic to Carlos as he first read the translated stories but which he absorbed and came to embody like a native. A citizen of Spain, the Marvel Universe was his true home."

— TOM BREVOORT

"Carlos was a dream collaborator who made every story better with his ideas, his brilliant storytelling and his beautiful art. But more, he was warmhearted, enthusiastic and a wonderful person. I was thrilled to work with him but happier still to have him as a friend. He will be enormously missed."

— KURT BUSIEK

STRANGE

PREVIOUSLY...

Doctor Stephen Strange was dead! And his wife, Clea Strange, took up the mantle of Earth's Sorcerer Supreme in his stead!

She has had to contend with two new threats: the Blasphemy Cartel–a gang of ruthless mystics consolidating control over New York's magical underworld by resurrecting dead superhumans, also called Revenants...and the Harvestman, Death's Sorcerer Supreme, who has been hunting these monsters...and who also turned out to be Stephen Strange!

With all the secrets finally revealed, Clea and Stephen make one final attack on the Cartel's headquarters, only to be confronted by the most powerful Revenant yet...the Sentry!

"Attack on Emerald City, Finale"

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DOCTOR STRANGE CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO

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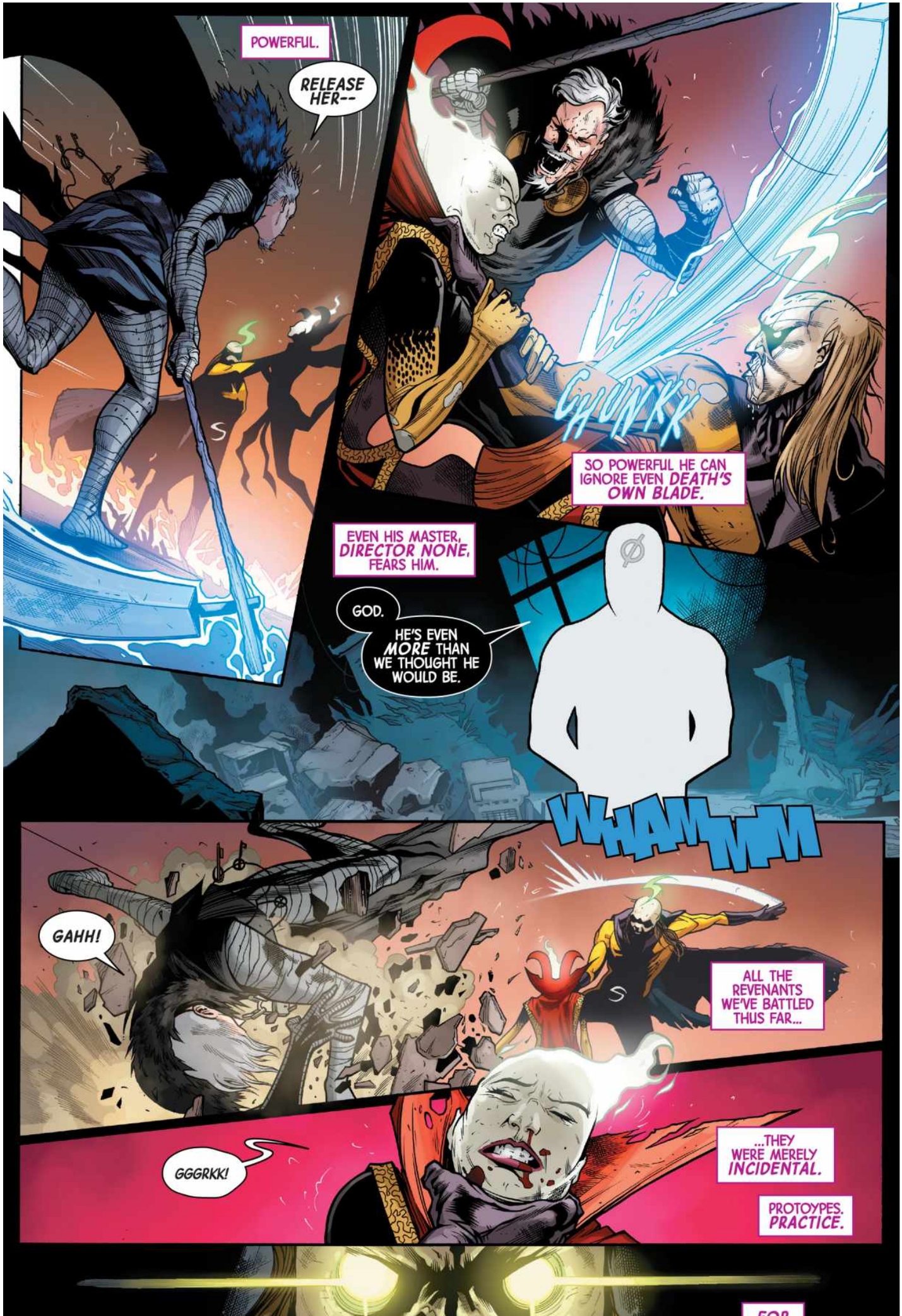
THROUGHOUT MY LIFE, I HAVE KNOWN POWER.
I GREW UP AT DORMAMMU'S KNEE.
I CAME TO LEARN THAT UMAR THE UNRELENTING WAS MY MOTHER.
I MARRIED A SORCERER SUPREME AND THEN BECAME ONE MYSELF, TWICE OVER.
I *HAVE KNOWN POWER.* WHICH IS WHY YOU MUST BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU...
...I AM FRIGHTENED.
THE SENTRY.
THE BLASPHEMY CARTEL'S *REVENANT PRIME.*
A GESTALT BEING OF ONE HUNDRED MILLION SCREAMING GHOSTS

CLEA.
RETREAT, MY LOVE.
LEAVE ME. LIVE.
NEVER!
FLAMES OF THE FALTINE!
RIOBHAN'S RAVENS!
VMMM
MM
BOOM

IN *LIFE*, THE SENTRY WAS A GOD WALKING THE EARTH.
EURGHH...
IN *DEATH*...
...HE IS A *GOD OF DEMONS.*
NO.
TALONS OF TARKHIZ!
I DO NOT ACCEPT THIS.
NOT AFTER ALL I HAVE DONE--
URK!


POWERFUL.
RELEASE HER--
CHUNKK
SO POWERFUL HE CAN IGNORE EVEN DEATH'S OWN BLADE.
EVEN HIS MASTER, DIRECTOR NONE, FEARS HIM.
GOD.
HE'S EVEN MORE THAN WE THOUGHT HE WOULD BE.
WHAMMM
GAHH!
ALL THE REVENANTS WE'VE BATTLED THUS FAR...
GGGRKK!
...THEY WERE MERELY INCIDENTAL.
PROTOYPES. PRACTICE.

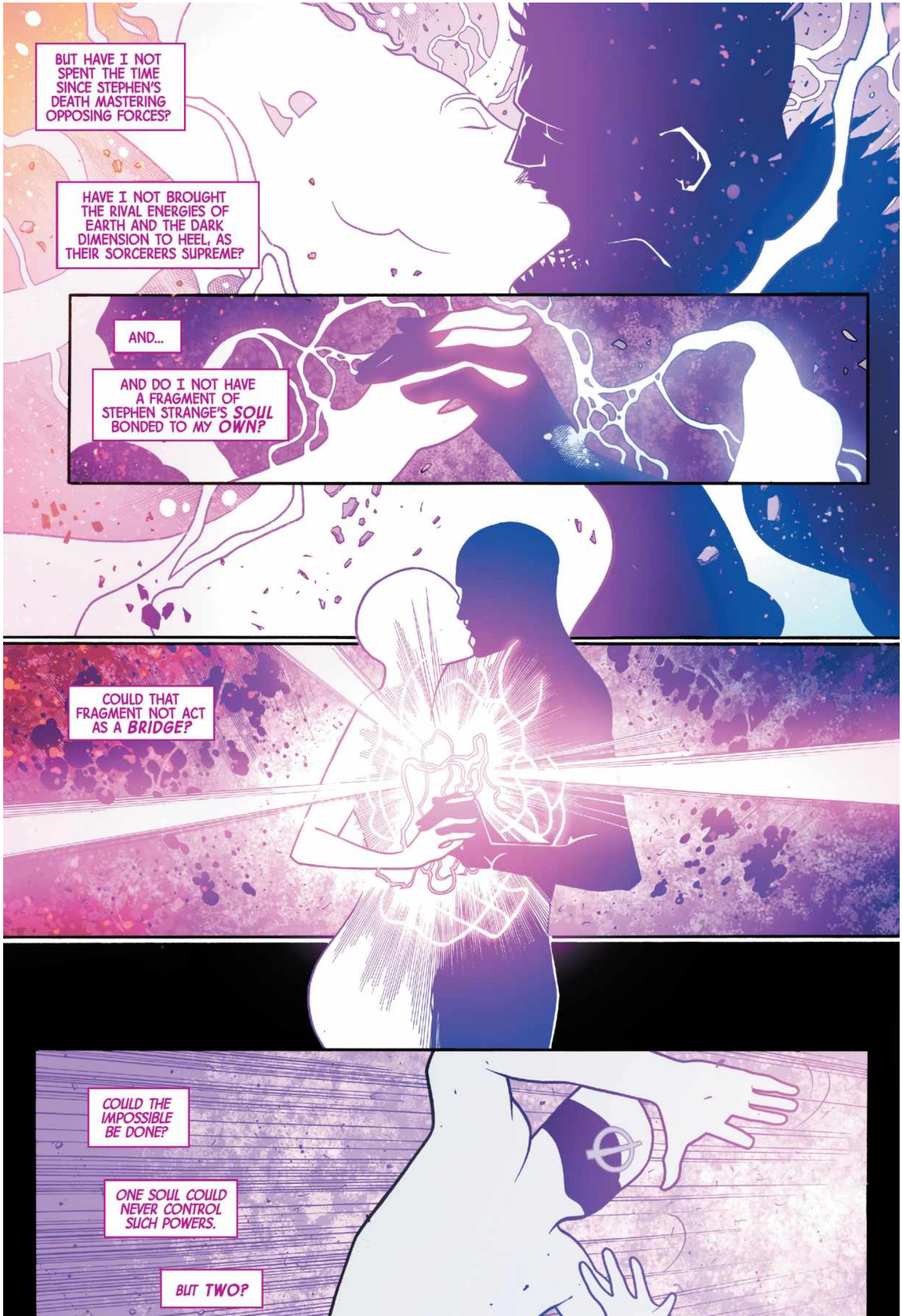
CLEA, NO--
SHIELD OF THE SERAPHIM!
TO THE ARCHIPELAGO OF ANGUISH WITH YOU--
WHAM
GAAAHHH!
THE PERFECT SPECIMEN.
NO MIND TO SUBORN.
YOUR QUICK CANTRIPS AND ROTES SLIDE RIGHT OFF OF HIM.
AND YOUR GREATER MAGICS?
ENOUGH!
KRASHH
"YOU'LL NEVER GET THE FEW MOMENTS YOU NEED TO CAST THEM."
WHAM WHAM WHAM

IT IS TRUE.
REVENANT PRIME IS GREATER THAN EITHER OF US.
GREATER THAN THE SORCERER SUPREME OR THE HARVESTMAN.
VMMMMMMMM
EVEN STEPHEN'S DEATH-FORGED BODY CANNOT TAKE THIS PUNISHMENT.
HE IS TOO FAST.
TOO STRONG.
OUR BATTLE HAS RAGED FOR BUT MERE MINUTES...

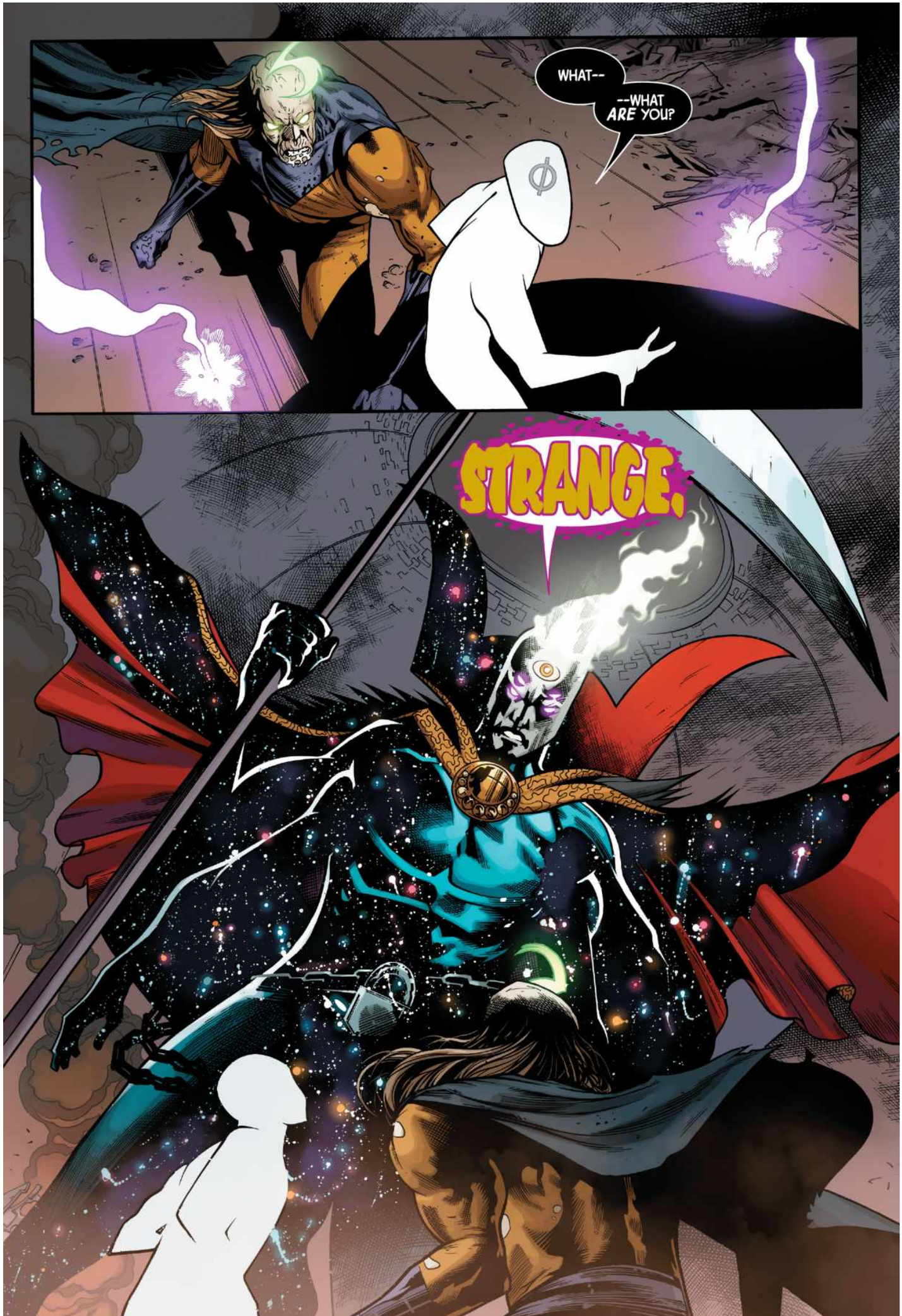
...AND ALREADY, WE ARE UNDONE.
...STEPHEN...
...NO. IT CANNOT BE.
I CANNOT HAVE FOUND YOU ONLY TO LOSE YOU AGAIN SO QUICKLY.
...CLEA... FLEE...
YES, CLEA STRANGE.
YES, YOU HAVE.
THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE.
I'M A LITTLE DISAPPOINTED, TO BE HONEST.
MANAGEMENT--THE TRINITY OF ASHES--WERE TERRIFIED OF YOU, STRANGE--STEPHEN, I MEAN. TERRIFIED OF WHAT YOU DID IN THE WAR OF THE SEVEN SPHERES. WHAT YOU BECAME.
BUT THIS SHOWING? PATHETIC.
I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU.
LIVE OR DIE, WE DO IT TOGETHER.

...NO, CLEA...
...TO TOUCH...
...CATASTROPHIC...
THEN IF THIS ACT IS TO BE OUR LAST...
...LET IT BE ONE OF LOVE.
OF DEFIANCE.
WAIT, NO!
OF CATASTROPHE!

LIFE AND DEATH.
FORCES ANTITHETICAL TO ONE ANOTHER, COMING INTO CONTACT.
FLAME AND ICE. ACID AND STONE.
THEY TEAR AND SCREAM AT EACH OTHER, EXPLODING AND IMPLODING AT THE SAME TIME, SHATTERING AND HOWLING AND BURNING AND FREEZING, ALL AT ONCE.
BROUGHT TOGETHER, THIS OUTPUT OF RAW METAPHYSICAL ENERGY COULD WIPE EMERALD CITY FROM EXISTENCE AND ALL OF US WITH IT.
AND IT WILL.
BUT...
BUT...


BUT HAVE I NOT SPENT THE TIME SINCE STEPHEN'S DEATH MASTERING OPPOSING FORCES?
HAVE I NOT BROUGHT THE RIVAL ENERGIES OF EARTH AND THE DARK DIMENSION TO HEEL, AS THEIR SORCERERS SUPREME?
AND...
AND DO I NOT HAVE A FRAGMENT OF STEPHEN STRANGE'S SOUL BONDED TO MY OWN?
COULD THAT FRAGMENT NOT ACT AS A BRIDGE?
COULD THE IMPOSSIBLE BE DONE?
ONE SOUL COULD NEVER CONTROL SUCH POWERS.
BUT TWO?

LIFE/DEATH.
LIGHT/DARK.
WOMAN/MAN.
FALTINE/HUMAN.
CLEA/STEPHEN.


WHAT--
--WHAT ARE YOU?
STRANGE.

REVENANT PRIME!
KILL IT!
WHAAMM
YOU DESERVE BETTER THAN THIS, BOB REYNOLDS.
YOU ARE MORE THAN A MERE VESSEL.
THE SENTRY ATTACKS LIKE THE HAMMER OF AN ANGRY GOD.
WE MEET HIS ATTACK.
AND WE ARE ITS EQUAL.

THE SHACKLES OF MAGIC THAT HOLD THE MILLIONS OF SOULS INSIDE OF YOU--
--BROKEN.
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!
THERE ARE ONE HUNDRED MILLION GHOSTS IN REVENANT PRIME!
THEIR EXODUS WILL ANNIHILATE EVERYTHING IN A MILE'S RADIUS!
THAT IS OF LITTLE CONCERN TO US.
CLEA!
THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE ON THIS BASE, MY LOVE. WE CANNOT ALLOW THEM ALL TO DIE!
THEY ARE OF NO IMPORT, STEPHEN!
FOR ALL THEY HAVE DONE TO US, LET THEM DIE!

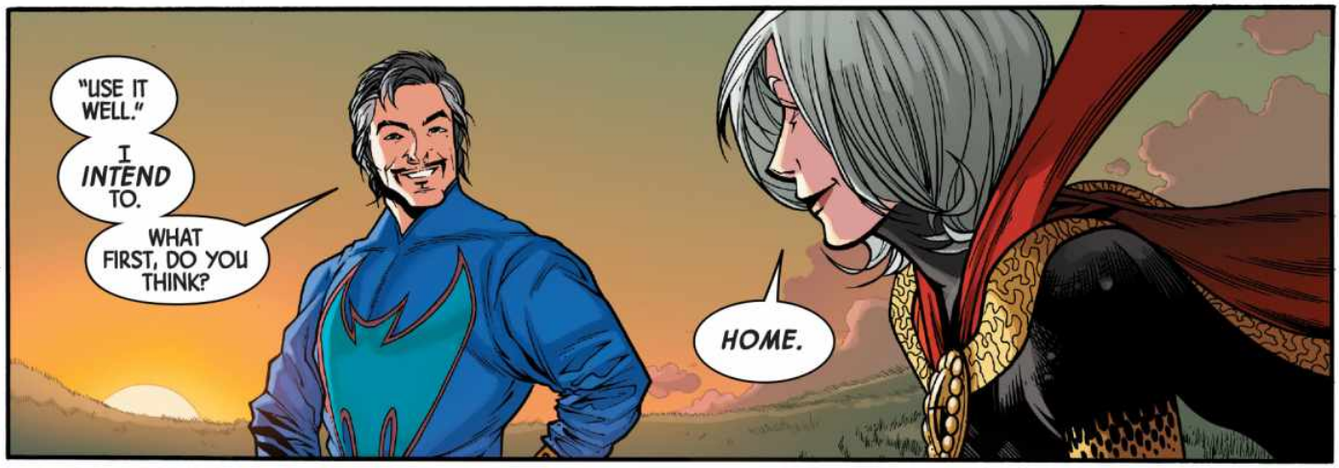
YOU KNOW I, WE, CANNOT, MY LOVE.
PLEASE.
...FINE.
A PIECE OF MAGIC THAT WOULD BE FAR OUTSIDE THE ABILITIES OF EITHER THE SORCERER SUPREME OR THE HARVESTMAN...
...NOT WITHOUT HOURS OF PREPARATION, ENDLESS DEALS WITH OUTER POWERS, THE CONSUMPTION OF MAGICAL ARTIFACTS.
BUT FOR THE THING THAT WE ARE, IT IS NOTHING.
AN AFTERTHOUGHT.
WE SENSE THE DOOMED SOULS ACROSS EMERALD CITY.
ONE PART OF US SNEERS AT THEIR PLIGHT, ANTICIPATING THEIR JUST

OUR MAGICS SURROUND EACH ONE IN AN EMBRACE AS LOVING AS A MOTHER'S. AS INESCAPABLE AS SLEEP...
RUN! HURRY!
...AND WE PLACE THEM SAFELY ACROSS THE EARTH, ANNIHILATING FROM THEIR MIND EVERY MEMORY OF THEIR LIVES AS BLASPHEMY CARTEL AGENTS.
WE GIVE THEM WHAT THEY (DO/DO NOT) DESERVE: A SECOND CHANCE AT HUMANITY.
GOTTA HURRY, I'M GOING TO MISS MY BUS!
EXCEPT FOR ONE.
WE (ARE/ARE NOT) SORRY, DIRECTOR NONE.
YOU HAVE MADE YOURSELF A GHOST OF A SORT. WE CANNOT SAVE YOU AS WE DID YOUR MEN.
DO YOU THINK I WANT TO BE SAVED BY THE LIKES OF YOU?
DO YOU THINK YOU'VE BEATEN THE TRINITY OF ASHES WITH A PARLOR TRICK?!
DO YOU THINK THIS IS OVER?!

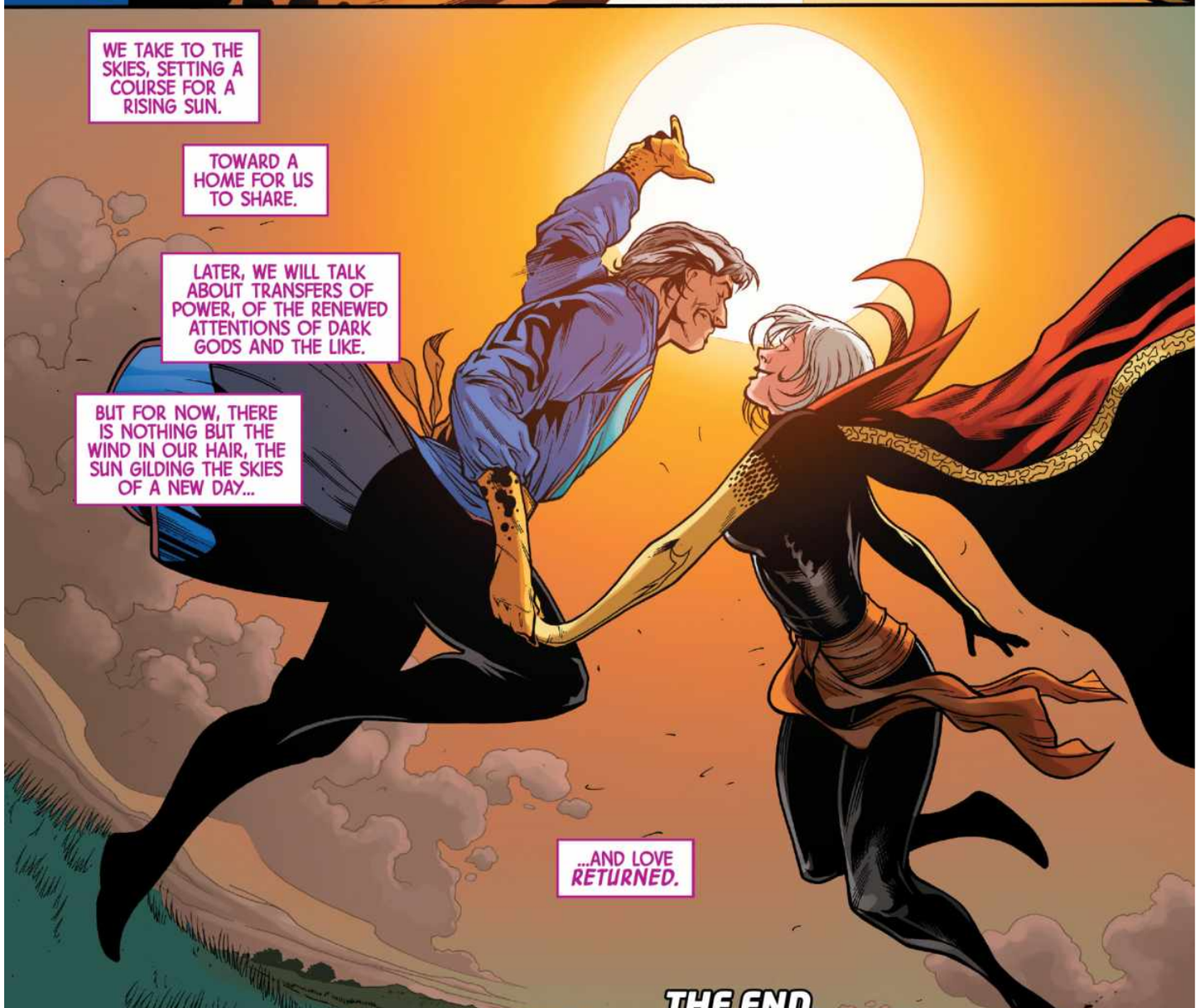
NO.
NOTHING IS EVER OVER.
GOODBYE.
GRIEFSAVOR!
MOTHER-OF-PAIN!
YGMLOSVORRAICH!
SAVE ME--
KRAKOOM

WE SEPARATE.
TO BE OF JUST A SINGLE MIND, EVEN FOR SUCH A SHORT TIME, AS A CONJOINED COSMIC BEING IS...JARRING.
IT IS DONE.
THE BLASPHEMY CARTEL IS DONE.
INDEED. BUT WHAT NEX--?
YAAAAAAH!!!
STEPHEN!
HANG ON, MY LOVE--
WHATEVER IT IS, I'LL--
NO, IT'S...

I--
--I LIVE AGAIN!
indeed.
i do not renege on my bargains, stephen strange.
the revenant threat is ended. your time as the harvestman is complete.
you have earned back your life...
...use it well.
until we meet again, doctor strange.


"USE IT WELL."
I INTEND TO.
WHAT FIRST, DO YOU THINK?
HOME.

AND AFTER THAT, I'M SURE WE CAN THINK OF SOMETHING.
WE'RE SUCH CLEVER MAGICIANS, AFTER ALL.


WE TAKE TO THE SKIES, SETTING A COURSE FOR A RISING SUN.
TOWARD A HOME FOR US TO SHARE.
LATER, WE WILL TALK ABOUT TRANSFERS OF POWER, OF THE RENEWED ATTENTIONS OF DARK GODS AND THE LIKE.
BUT FOR NOW, THERE IS NOTHING BUT THE WIND IN OUR HAIR, THE SUN GILDING THE SKIES OF A NEW DAY...
...AND LOVE RETURNED.
THE END

NEXT:

The Doctor Is In!

Stephen Strange is back! Reunited with Clea and Wong, it's back to business as usual for the Sorcerer Supreme. Have your children fallen into a deep nightmarish slumber? Are demonic refugees invading your home? Is your husband possessed by a satanic entity? Then call Doctor Strange! Join Jed MacKay (MOON KNIGHT, BLACK CAT) and Pasqual Ferry (NAMOR: CONQUERED SHORES, SPIDER-MAN: SPIDER'S SHADOW) as they begin a new chapter in the life of the Master of the Mystic Arts!

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ZONE